

The Businessmen

SAME ADVICE, SAFELY PUT

Whoever it is that writes the editorials for "Honolulu," the official organ of the chamber of commerce, has my approval for his lucid and concise manner, which is addressed to the mayor and supervisors-elect. The editorial states a truth so simple that the only claim it has to being wonderful is that so very few of our elected officials ever seem to recognize it. It is, that the official who makes good in a business way can always depend upon the electors of Honolulu to keep him in office, and yet we find, term after term, the ones who want most to stay in office do everything they can in order not to make good. So far, it seems to be that one loud voice in Cushman's alley has more effect upon the average city official than the quiet advice of twenty thinking citizens, and yet, even a politician ought to know that twenty votes in the ballot box beat me, whatever the voice of the voter.

I don't want to be a crab right off the reel, but it looks to me as if the recently chosen officials are going out of their way to hunt the tracks of their predecessors, in order to stumble along the same trail that leads to the path of defeat. "We have to reward the party workers," say some of them, frank confession that politics are to have the first call as usual. "He's a Democrat. He's got to go," one supervisor-elect told me, speaking of a certain servant who has made a conspicuous success of his work, and so on down the list.

The board of supervisors to take office in January has been hailed as the best balanced board yet elected, but I predict right now that if the policy of the members since election is to mark their official course they will be set down as failures before the first of June. I hope not, because I boasted for them before election.

Here is the advice tendered in a perfectly disinterested manner to them by the official publication of the collective business interests of the city. It represents sane public opinion and it is advice that, if followed, will mean reelection two years from now for Lath and his colleagues. "Honolulu" says:

TO THE MAYOR AND SUPERVISORS-ELECT

We have seen the "Battle of the Nominees." The elections are past and on the first of January, through the will of the people, a new regime will be ushered into county affairs when the mayor and supervisors will bow to the public and deliver themselves, over a period of two years, of plans and policies which will either make or break them. The possibilities are myriad. Mr. Mayor, Mr. Supervisor, the opportunities are yours! If you will let forget that you are Democrats, forget that you are Republicans, Home Builders, or Bull Mooseers; if you will but be constructive rather than destructive; invite honest criticism rather than criticize honest opinion. If you will but be business men and realize that a public office is a public trust, and that you have been put where you are to safeguard the public interests, rather than for personal aggrandizement, if you will but respect the confidence that has been bestowed in you and demonstrate your worth as an honest and efficient servant of the people, "Honolulu" will pat you on the back, endorse you and fight for you as long as you want the job. This publication holds itself aloof from politics. We want none of it, but as the official publication of a commercial organization we insist on being heard in community affairs and we expect of you an honest, conscientious and fearless administration.

AUTOMOBILE LEGISLATION NEXT

One of the bills to be passed up to the legislature next February, a draft of which is now being prepared by the chamber of commerce committee on legislation, will be a law compelling all pedestrians to obtain licenses before daring to appear on any public street, sidewalk, lane, by-path or alley in the city of Honolulu.

This law becomes necessary because of the danger constantly confronting automobile drivers of having their machines damaged and mangled up by coming in violent contact with a lot of miscellaneous and entirely irresponsible and careless persons who imagine they have a right to use the streets.

The autoists are the public highways. They pay heavy taxes. They are licensed and numbered. It is unjust, unfair, un-American, and a travesty on justice and equality to have mere unlicensed persons obstructing the roads and marring the pleasure and comfort of those who ride, drive, and careen over our perfect speedways.

It is understood that the committee will recommend a graduated scale of licenses based on the principle of the frontage tax, or the size of the hind feet of pedestrians. A scale based on age, beam and tonnage would be entirely just. The revenues derived from this source will be very large and it is anticipated that at least a hundred new inspectors can be added to the city payroll.

The license basis is a fair one. It is not only unpleasant but actually dangerous when a chauffeur hits a 250-pound pedestrian. Several machines have had fenders bent and radiators damaged in head-on collisions with fat men. Running down children, on the other hand, is no worse than hitting a stray dog unless some youngster has a slate or his pockets full of fish hooks. That is bad for tires. The law will cover this point.

Any registered pedestrian who gets in front of an auto should be punished by having his license taken away. Second offenders should be jailed. Unlicensed individuals would be outside the pale of the law and should receive no mercy.

There are still a few details to be considered but the law will probably be placed on the statute books immediately following the appropriation bill to provide members' salaries. Automobile owners are unanimously in its favor.

DROP BANANA JACK AND ATTEND TO BUSINESS

If Sheriff Rose would only stop protecting little Jack Kalakala for a moment—none will steal him—and pay a little of attention to the peculiarities of his traffic squad men, he will find a most peculiar state of affairs. On fine, sunny days he will be able to locate his stalwarts where they ought to be, right in the middle of the street intersections, waving a lordly hand to let the stream of automobiles pass. But, if he should wander to the corner on a wet and rainy day, the time above all times when a traffic squad man is needed for the safety of the public, he will find his directors of traffic hunched up on the sidewalk, under the awnings, and attempting to regulate the passing vehicles from the side lines.

Any automobile can stop up short on a perfectly dry day, but very few are able to do it when the pavements are slippery. A traffic man in the right place is welcomed by the chauffeurs, but the same man yelling from the curb in a nuisance and no help at all, while there are shuffling machines all over the shop. If there is use for a traffic man at all on a dry day, he is very necessary on wet days, but where he belongs—in the street, not on the sidewalk.

I suggest that the sheriff let Kalakala ooze away by himself for a day or two, while he applies his energies to securing rubber canes for his traffic men, or Japanese umbrellas, or something that will induce them to stay in the road where they are needed.

THE MODERN OFFICE

"The speed and comfort germ have invaded the modern offices," said my friend Bob Breckons the other day as he collected on the rapid strides Honolulu had made in the past few years toward being a real city. "I remember when as a small lad I first started to work, sweeping out the office was a cinch. There was nothing to sweep around excepting a table and possibly two or three chairs. But today, heaven bless us, the modern office looks like a machine shop and you have to clean it with a vacuum cleaner. First the typewriter made it unnecessary for a boy to diligently trace the specimen line of his copy book. Then along came an Englishman, Burroughs, with a machine to do away with the adding part of arithmetic which was no more on the market, than an Irishman, Dalton, built a machine that would subtract as fast as the Burroughs machine could add, and we have the art of division down so far in America that it's no mental effort. And poor old

Isaac Pitman with his short-hand and his club-foot is hardly needed around the office at all. Nowadays, instead of talking to a pretty girl, you just put your face against a speaking tube, your voice is recorded on a wax cylinder, and the girl in the other office, with a head-gear on her that adds to her looks a full-half ready for an end run, transcribes the dictation and signs for you. It's taken most of the social pleasantness out of office life, and a stenographer might as well have the face of a graven image as the features of Mona Lisa.

Up to now, the only serious question agitating the modern office has been how to keep the office boy from his grandmother's funeral when the "Travelers" were playing the "Tigers" and at last some genius has filed the bill. I see that my friend Charlie Marquis of the Office Supply Company, has just returned from the Coast with a brand new billiard, pool table and accessories agency tucked under his arm, and within a month's time, I expect to see every well-organized office with a pool and billiard parlor nicely screened off from the general office by a half-partition, lattice door through which will come the click of the billiard ivory and the clang of the buttons as the office terror counts his runs. No more will he match quarters with the copy boy to see who'll go for the mail, but the whole office force will join in a hand-pick of "retention," "bottle," "pin," or "Kelly" pool with the low man struck for the mail carrying job. We'll sure have to come to my friend Richard "Lure" the check about this in order to make time for a three or so count for the "help" and an eight-back back line with "anchor shot" barred for the bosses. The stenographers will "masse" around the room play "follows" and "kiss shots," and as of yore, give too frequent exhibitions of "reverse English."

Why give money to the Belgians who have nothing but time on their hands, lots of lee to skate on and all the winter sports opening out before them, when not one per cent of the offices in the Territory of Hawaii are equipped with the new essential billiard and pool table and accessories?

HOLSTEIN FOR SPEAKER AGAIN

In order to be consistent, and because I believe in it anyway, I rise again to place in nomination for the position of Speaker of the house of representatives the name of the Honorable Henry Lincoln Holstein of Kohala. By all the rules I ought to be out boasting some Oahu man for the place, just because he is an Oahu man, but I deviate from this procedure because I do not think that any one of the twelve Oahu men is as good for the particular place Holstein is. They are all good men and I expect a lot from each, but not 'n the Speaker's chair.

My friend Lincoln has a hobby of being a speaker and he knows more way of shutting off the flow of gas than anyone I ever heard of. He has his faults, of course, coming from Kohala as he does, but those do not interfere with him as a speaker. In the big backed chair, between the red curtains, with a bouquet on his desk, a capful hidden away among the books which give all the parliamentary rules, a koo gavel and a stern frown, Holstein is the right man in the right place. He cuts out verbal wanderings, squelches the personalities, eggs business on and sets that no honorable member sleeps in his seat or sticks in his pocket any undue proportion of the official stationery.

I only saw Holstein ruffled once. That was when he caught John Wise with two hands up to the wrist in the public treasury. Then he lost that civility that marks his official demeanor. Figuratively speaking he snatched Wise by the ear, jerked him away from the trough, kicked him in the tenderest place of his anatomy and threw him in the garbage bucket. That was a good job well done. If you ever notice, you will see Wise duck and run to this day every time Holstein comes around the corner.

Holstein knows how. That is why he should be speaker again. He saves the Territory twenty times his seasonal salary in every legislature and expedites public business.

Do I hear a seconder for my motion?

AN ESTRAY FOR THE POUNDMASTER

A bedraggled, dirty, mud-colored critter has pervaded the streets and environs of Honolulu for the last ten days, much to the annoyance of all respectable householders, not to mention the strangers within the gates. This slinking brute has caused no end of trouble to shoppers, automobile drivers and baseball fans. If the police force wants to make itself solid with the general public the animal should be impounded and only allowed to run at large between stated hours, say from midnight to sunrise.

We refer to Jupiter Pluvius, son of Falling Barometer, out of High Winds and Cloudy Skies, as the farmer, there would not be. This well-washed cross between a cross-eyed yellow dog and an adjective mannikin is all right in his place, up the valleys and out in the cane fields, but in town, no. The damned cuss ought not to be allowed at large when visiting baseball leagues and other tourists are here for enjoyment of climate and scenery.

Where is the poundmaster? Let him attend to his dereliction of duty. J. Pluvius ought to be run in.

AND SUCH IS FAME

A Chinaman wandered around Manoa Valley a few days ago adding lustre to the fame of one of our most prominent and respected church workers.

His question was, "What place saloon boss stop?" No one knew. The pake was insistent that the "saloon boss" did live in Manoa. He said, "Too much big place, Aunt Saloon, you save. That settled it. He was hunting for the residence of Rev. John W. Waldman, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League.

SUBLIMATED PIFFLE AND TOMMYROT

What would happen to the down-trodden American consumer if our planters were to accept in good faith the congressional suggestion that we substitute coconuts and avocados for cane?

A forty-million-dollar coconut crop landed in New York would supply our coast to hang half the population of the United States, desiccated coconut for a dandruff layer cake as big as Pennsylvania; oil enough for all the oleomargarine factories in the genuine creamery butter districts of Wisconsin for the next ten years, and soap to wash out the stains of Jackass diplomacy from the purple robe of Jeffersonian democracy.

A forty-million-dollar alligator pear crop would probably spoil on route but if the administration will agree to eat the lot we could supply the goods.

The above are welcome constructive criticism, but suggestions like the above are absurd. They show an amazing under-development of the imaginative faculties on the part of congress.

What the planters really ought to do is to set up an X-ray dynamo on every plantation to extract the iron from the soil to manufacture safety pins and barbed wire. That would be some stunt and would be worth while—ship the safety pins to Washington and the barbed wire to Germany.

England's Field Marshals

A British field marshal never retires from the army. He may be placed on half pay, but is still borne on the active list.

By the regulations there must not be more than eight field marshals receiving pay as such; that is exclusive of honorary field marshals. In our army: such as foreign kings, emperors and princes. Of the eight regular field marshals two must be selected from the Indian army.

To become a field marshal an officer must be a general officer. As has been mentioned, a field marshal never retires; but, on the other hand, a retired general officer may be promoted to field marshal. The fact that an officer is top of the general list does not necessarily mean that he will get the first vacant field marshal's baton, for selection is made irrespective of seniority.

The field marshal commanding in the Mediterranean gets \$35,000 a year. Probably a field marshal actively employed will get at least \$15,000 a year. This is better than the pay of an admiral of the fleet, who may be said to be a naval field marshal, and gets only a little more than \$10,000 a year.—Answers, London.

W. P. FENNEL—It would not injure the reputation of the United Spanish War Veterans if they substituted a new American flag for that dirt-colored piece of bunting now sticking outside of their hall.

SOME REMARKS BY HIGH PRIVATE JONES

"Ain't it disgustin'," asked High Private Jones, "the way these people get to squabbling 'n' spoil a perfectly good baseball game on the only Thanksgiving Day in the whole year? Who cares anything about the game as 'whoregals' like you want to see is a ball game on Thanksgiving Day? Somebody 'n' think this here Athletic Park was regular organized baseball to watch 'em perform."

"You know, last year when they was talkin' about bringin' over the big leaguers, this bunch wouldn't guarantee thirty-five hundred bucks, consequently when the Giants was tourin' the world we didn't get to see 'em. Now here comes a fellow 'n' contracts to bring all the major 'n' minor leaguers over here, 'n' those same pikers proceeds to sew up the games. You can't blame the promoter for not wantin' to give the pikers anything when they wouldn't do anything themselves. To hear 'em yelp you'd think the promoters was sellin' under the black flag 'n' swipin' the Belgian money out of the bottom of the drug stores."

"It only costs a dollar 'n' a quarter to buy a round trip ticket on the narrow gauge, 'n' most of the gang who went to town on Thanksgiving went to see the game. Some of 'em wound up at a movie picture show, 'n' some did worse than that. You know how much there was doin' around town on Thanksgiving Day. All the people in town was standin' around on the corners or lined up in front of the mahogany, cusin' out those here pikers."

"I sit down in the Grill to get a feed, 'n' Kuhio 'n' Joe Pohn 'n' some other guys is sittin' at the next table. They're passin' the Athletic Park bunch good 'n' plenty. They're all for leavin' Athletic Park. They ain't interested in the whole deal, which maybe he did for all I know. 'He's got a very small public spirit, gettin' out his midnight injunction,' says Kuhio. 'A fine story these here big leaguers'll be takin' back to the Coast about Honolulu. It'll take all the promotion work I can do in the next two years to square this deal.' 'An' they all agrees with Cupid, Mediatin' on the expense of this trip to town, I'm agreein' with Cupid also."

"They tell me this here supreme court decision is the only popular one that bunch ever passed out, but they sure made a big hit this time with everybody except Tommy Treadway and Atterbury. They ain't interested in the whole deal, which maybe he did for all I know. 'He's got a very small public spirit, gettin' out his midnight injunction,' says Kuhio. 'A fine story these here big leaguers'll be takin' back to the Coast about Honolulu. It'll take all the promotion work I can do in the next two years to square this deal.' 'An' they all agrees with Cupid, Mediatin' on the expense of this trip to town, I'm agreein' with Cupid also."

The Famous Rose Windows of Rheims

The wonderful rose windows in the Rheims Cathedral, concerning which the world has read so much recently, since the structure has been under fire time and again, are rapidly described by C. H. Sherrell in his work, "Stained Glass Terms in France." "The cathedral," he writes, "has three fine windows, of which the west one with its bright-hued gallery of kings below it is far the best. The north rose window is good, although we miss the qualities which the north rose of Notre Dame at Paris has taught us to expect. The south rose contains glass of the sixteenth century, and therefore seems pale and out of place amidst the older glories. The west rose should be seen toward sunset so as to get the rays of the sun passing directly through it. Earlier in the day it is almost gloomy in tone. There has been much discussion as to the interpretation of the figures in the gallery of kings below, but now it seems settled that it represents the coronation of the converted pagan Clovis King of the Franks. The windows of the transepts are glazed with grisaille of a very greenish tone and somewhat darker than that generally found at this time. Among them we observe one of the series of bishops which has apparently crept away from its fellow: in the choir and around the corner into the south transept. Although the bishop series leads, to some extent, the crude, almost savage glory of the nave's stern array of kings, they are more carefully made. As in the king windows, here also we find an upper and a lower row of personages, but in addition, a feature very much out of the ordinary and which should be remarked. Instead of placing two bishops below to balance the two above, there is but one bishop below in each window, while the space adjoining him is occupied by a fanciful representation of his cathedral. There is no attempt to portray accurately the building, although the glass artist might as well have done so, for he has gone to the pains of making so two of three little cathedral pictures alike. So minutely has he gone into detail that each has a tiny rose window and each rose is markedly different from the others. The idea is a quaint one, and shows the artist to have been fertile in ideas. So dark are the faces of the bishops as to make them look in one or two cases as though they were wearing masks. This effect is heightened by the fact that the eyes are glazed in lighter hues. In the midst of all this gorgeous and sparkling color, what a splendid picture may we conjure up of the scene on the 17th day of July, 1429, when Charles VII, led by Joan of Arc, had the king's crown placed upon his brow. With what vast satisfaction must the grand old kings have gleamed and glowed in sombre delight that their glorious cathedral was once more French, once more fulfilling its centuries-old duty of consecrating a French king, and especially that all this had been effected by a staunch French maid, than whom patriotism has never had a more worthy exemplar. It was but common justice that during the act of coronation of the king to whom she had restored not only a throne but also a united people, she stood at the foot of the altar holding aloft her victorious standard. A chronicle of the time truly said that having shared in all the hardships she richly deserved to share in the honors."

Tales of Soldier Grit

Irishmen fighting Britain's battles in France today are proving them selves worthy of the finest traditions of their race, says the London Chronicle. There have been many stories of their endurance and pluck but two related by a trooper of the Irish Dragoons may be taken as typical.

"There was a man of ours," says the trooper, "who carried a chum to a farmhouse under fire, and when the retreat came got left behind. The German patrol called and found him. There were only the two, one wounded, against a dozen Germans. Behind a barrier of furniture they made off and brought a machine gun to the house and threatened to destroy it."

The two soldiers were not unmindful of the kindness shown them by the owners of the farm, and rather than bring loss on them or the village they made a rush out with some mad idea of taking the gun."

"Just over the threshold of the door they fell dead, their blood be spattering the walls of the house."

"People may call them pigheaded for not surrendering, but that sort of wrong-headedness is worth a lot as inspiration to others, and if British soldiers had always worried about what the stay-at-homes would think of their deeds, some of the finest stories in the history of the army could never have been told."

"There was a young chap of the Irish Rifles," the trooper continued, "a wounded man of the Gloucesters. I think, keeping off the Germans. He had been hit himself, but was gamely firing at the enemy as fast as his wounded arm would permit. We went to his assistance, but they were both worn out when we reached them, and greatly to our regret, we had to leave them to be picked up by the Red Cross people."

"That was hard; but if you tried to pick up every wounded man you saw you wouldn't be much use as a fighter, and as we were under urgent orders to take up a position from which to cover the retreat we had no time for sentiment. They knew that, and they weren't the men to ask us to risk the safety of the army for them."

"Never mind," said the trooper, "with a faint smile on his ghastly face, 'the Germans will pick us all up when it's over, but if they don't, you'll see we're only got one to die, and it's the grand fellow we had, anyhow. What more could soldiers ask for?'"

"When we came back again one of the men was there, sure enough—stone dead, but his mate had gone, and whether it was the Germans or the Red Cross people that got him I wouldn't care to say."

"Not only on the battlefield is the British soldier showing his grit, as an incident related by a member of the Royal Army Medical Corps, now in England, would show. Relating his experience he says:

"One poor fellow who had been shot in the head and hit by a shrapnel bullet in the mouth and was towards dying, pointed out to me another man, badly wounded, remarking: 'That poor bloke is going home; he will be home before me.'"

Small Talks

A. K. VIERA—It is to laugh to hear what some people say sometimes.

JACK BLISS—I have heard of indoor baseball, but this is the first time I have played in a courtroom.

CAPT. JOHN HAULUND—One way of getting concrete wharves for Honolulu would be to feed these Filipino white ants an cement.

GOVERNOR PINKHAM—I appreciated the efforts made by the press on "Newspaper Day." Both dailies were kind to the Governor.

HARRY MURRAY—That wild girl must be found for "Lava Trail." I have to get my wife's permission to go out and find her myself.

BARNEY JOY—Seems to me those fellows from Venice are some ducks themselves. They behaved in Mollili Field almost as well as I did.

OUTFIELDER ARGABRITE—When a man gets a three-bagger out of big "Jim" Scott of the White Sox he's going home. But, ay, had the grounds been dry yesterday I'd have stretched it into a home run.

HARBORMASTER FOSTER—If the incoming legislators on the island of Oahu have the welfare of this Territory at heart they should organize a committee too soon to investigate the conditions of the local waterfront and see for themselves what is most needed for this rapidly growing port.

GEORGE H. ROBERTSON—As exclusively predicted by me, and Julian Monsarrat, and The Advertiser, Mauna Loa has got busy and a spouting fire and smoke at the same old stand. I am going up to spectate the lava-flowing part of the performance in about ten days.

CLARENCE H. COOKE—The most unfortunate thing that can happen to a new industry is to realize phenomenal success in the beginning. It is better for an enterprise to plod along and learn how to meet and overcome obstacles than to be led into wild extravagances by too early success and the promise of abnormal profits.

JULIAN YATES—The political situation is getting rather warm in the Big Island. The law governing the election of county supervisors in West Hawaii has been changed and it is quite possible that all three supervisors might be elected from one district. No one knows just how the March elections will work out.

W. O. SMITH—Judge Ballou will attend the meetings of the Planters' Association this week. Practically all of the managers will be here. We have distributed all of the reports and papers in printed form so that those who attend can come prepared to take part in the discussions which often bring out points of greatest value to the plantation men.

JOHN SMITH—Jackass diplomacy back in Washington has tried to prove to the satisfaction of the American people that the producer never consumes, and the consumer never produces—that there are two separate and distinct industrial classes whose interests are diametrically opposed. The absurdity of the proposition matches up with that of all the other remarkable doctrines that have been foisted on the long suffering public. It would strain the credulity of a Medeaean practitioner of the Black Art to make any sane hinker believe that the interests of producer and consumer are antagonistic. "Free sugar is in the interest of the American consumer." Oh piffle! Oh piffle!

SIDNEY M. BALLOU—The mainland papers and especially the magazines are doing a tremendous amount of advertising and are publishing many educational articles to impress their readers with the necessity of supporting home industries. If there is any one lesson most prominently emphasized as a result of the European war it is that no country can afford to be dependent on its neighbors for its bread and butter supply. The sugar industry is one of the greatest agricultural and manufacturing enterprises in the whole world, but the average man knows very little about how it is produced, or where the filling of his own sugar bowl comes from. There is a big field here for educating the public up to a realization of the fact that it is to the consumers' interest to keep the American sugar producer alive and in the business. Hawaii is an integral part of the United States. Sugar "Made in Hawaii" is "Made in America" and sugar production at home is one of the industries that needs to be conserved.

R. H. TRENT—I sent ten dollars over to Robbie McWayne at Homomalo ranch in South Kona and asked him to ship me one tame, birdie-wise, well-behaved and gentlemanly nightingale for the use of one of the kiddies out near where I live. The inter-island freight clerk telephoned one day that there was a male on the dock and please come down and take delivery—also, please pay account, saying freight bill for fifteen dollars. I asked a drayman to load the little birdie in his wagon out to my place. He reported that the jackass was perfectly tame and gentle, but tired. As long as a man held the rope it was all right—the Kewake stood and looked at him. When he tied the rope to the tail of the wagon the jackass lugged and lay down. As repeated trials yielded uniform results I finally hired a dray and gave the beast a ride clear out to Aiea Heights. The nightingale had been very sensible and he just didn't feel good—that was all there was the matter with him, and a few lays' rest and grass put the little fellow on his feet. My pet was getting to be quite a valuable animal by the time demurrage charges, freight, drayage, hay, medicine, oats and incidents had been footed up but when the man down at the harness shop wanted to charge me sixteen dollars for a saddle and half as much again for the bridle and other trimmings I struck. A sixteen-dollar saddle for a one-dollar jackass was too much like Mexico. I quit. I now have a fine hundred-dollar Kona Nightingale that is one of the finest animals of its kind on this island. Over in Kona they shoot those birds to get rid of them but the wild animals lack class and breeding. My pet is getting more valuable every day. He is not for sale.

A New Wisconsin Idea

Wisconsin comes forward with a new idea in dealing with prisoners held for minor offenses. It originated in the desire that had found expression in some other States, Pennsylvania included, to avoid visiting the penalty upon the wife and family of an offender by depriving them of their breadwinner.

Under a new act in Wisconsin when a prisoner is sentenced for a minor infraction, instead of being committed to the workhouse or the rock pile while his family suffer for the necessities of life, he is compelled to continue at work on his usual job, if he has one, or if he has not, is put to work at some job outside found for him by the sheriff, but is required to report at the prison for his meals and at night, while his earnings are turned over to the court and paid to his dependents during his term of imprisonment.

The innovation is said to be working successfully, not only in avoiding suffering to families, but in reforming the offender. It has been applied chiefly in cases of drunkenness, of non-support, and the familiar routine of police court cases. It has been endorsed by a president of the Wisconsin Police Chiefs' Association, and is at least worthy of consideration by those interested in improving the far from satisfactory methods of dealing with minor offenders, under which the heaviest punishment has fallen so often upon innocent victims.

Mainly Pistol Toting

According to the best obtainable statistics, those compiled by Frederick L. Hoffman, there were 6500 murders in the United States last year. Statistics of murder in this country have only been tabulated since 1887. The figures for 1913 are the largest for any year since 1884 with the exception of 1907 when the murder rate was 8.8 for every 100,000 of population, while for 1913 the rate is 8.7 per 100,000. The increase of population for 1913 over 1907, however, makes the 1913 aggregate much the greater. Hence it is evident that murder is on the increase.

In the period from 1884 to 1913 more than thirty-two per cent of American murders were committed with firearms. It is safe to say that probably sixty per cent were perpetrated with the ready pocket pistol.

These statistics, of course, constitute another argument for restricting traffic in pistols. This is an admitted need. It is being attempted here and there in the United States, but not by any concerted national action. Those public spirited persons who are making "Safety First" a national movement might well direct some of their attention to the pistol and means of its suppression or restriction. It is far more dangerous than the firecracker, the reckless chauffeur, the heedless pedestrian, the careless trainman or any one of a dozen other factors in public and private peril. It is high time that was recognized and dealt with as a national menace before, in the hands of some Prinzip, it deluges the continent in innocent blood.